

Hank's skin was as leathery as his cowhide belt, and he had about the same proportions as a Lima bean, tall and thin. His eyes glared like the fury of a thousand volcanoes under his shaggy eyebrows, and he moved with a swaggerin' step. His grizzly bear sized feet were the only thing that detracted from the picture.

Bill waddled uncertainly like a penguin when crossing any open space. His frightened looking eyes stared at the world through his owlish glasses like he expected someone to attack him at any moment. He moved in jerks, which completed the picture of a very frightened man.

Joe's pinstripe suit was so pressed and neat that it was like he had just walked in the door, despite the fact that he had been working for hours. He wore a bowler hat that concealed his shiny egg of a forehead nestled in thinning hair, and his hands rubbed excitedly as his weaselly eyes picked out a potential client.